THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1853. WHOLE NO. 1644.

Choice Poetry.

I TOLD YOU.

BY CHARLES SWAIN

I told you roses ne'er would wed
Their bloom to wintry air;
But then, you pressed my lips, and said
The rose you loved bloomed there!
I said the wintry day was here,
The sun far out of view;
You smiled, and vowed my golden hair
Was sunlight unto you!

I said the words no more rejoice
With sense, more sweet than words;
But oh, you whispered low, my voice
Was sweeter than the birds!
And still whatever charm I named,
That lends to Spring delight,
You, for your own loved maiden, claimed,
And lured her to her sight!

Now, chilling winds of Winter, blow!
While Love the best claimes,
Life's roses still exist, and snow—
And Spring eternal blooms!
Hail, hoary clouds of Winter, hail!
Love, from the dark, hath thrown
A sunlight over heart and soul,
More bright than Heaven's own!

Original Novelet.

CLARA MORELAND;

OR,

ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "VIOLA," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "FRAILE FORTUNE," "ROSALIE LA PORTE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XI.

THE DOOR AND THE HOPE.

Four of the warriors immediately separated from the others, and, without a word being spoken, proceeded to bind the arms of Langee and myself behind our backs. We then were conducted out of the house into the open air, where we were already mounted by six of the party just returned from the expedition, while those within proceeded, in due Indian form, to settle the question as to the disposal of the fair.

Never did I think nature so beautiful, so which I first beheld it after a week's confinement; and were I but free once more to enjoy it, I fancied I would be content to ask no more of life. But I was soon to be, never more to enjoy it, for I was soon to be hurried away to a later hour, I was destined to be made to witness a scene which had passed before me. An overwhelming sense of horror came over me, and I turned away, shuddering forever. She never has known who or what she was, for I could not bear to reveal their fate, to wound most piteously the heart already bleeding with grief, in hope to rouse one spark of manhood in such—

—Every lady who has given her husband and child were ever more fully blessed, in receiving them safe from the hands of the savages, so will be her wife, and to a later hour, than I was, when I received my beloved objects from the hands of the savages, and clasped them to my bosom.

The deliberations of the Indians lasted some two or three hours, during which time the villagers, of all ages, surrounded us, peering at us curiously, but observing a decorum that surprised me, considering that they outnumbered us. None were allowed to advance within the ring made by our guard, which was perhaps ten feet in diameter; but outside of this they formed a complete circle, and remained in long quiet tones. Occasionally hands clenched, and fierce eyes glanced upon me; but being a stranger to them, and of a race with whom they had no natural enemies, I thought if they did not manifest real, I had reason to be grateful for their forbearance.

Toward Langee, however, whom most of them had known in former years, and whom they evidently regarded as more Indian than white, the looks were different. Some of evidently, and I fancied I was enough to warrant the conclusion that the popular vote would go against his condemning, all the same time that it would approve of mine.

In vain I looked among the crowd, in every direction, for one glimpse of the sweet, and fate of Clara—for if alive, and permitted to do so, I knew she would endeavor to see me. But no!—alas!—no—she was nowhere to be seen; and I began to entertain the horrible suspicion that she had been put to death. If so, the guilt I believed rested with Dunbrah, as the supreme authority of the tribe in the absence of the Chief; and the hare idea that her hands were imbrued in the blood of her friend, made me regard her as a demoness of hell's worst type—the more dreadful, that her knowledge and intelligence did not entitle her to mercy at the hands by whom she was surrounded.

While occupied with these thoughts, Dunbrah made her appearance. All moved respectfully aside to give her an opportunity to approach us.

"Why is Langee here, then grunted?" she said, addressing me in the Dark-Eye English, that none of the others might understand.

"Because, in following your directions, with regard to the youth, I unfortunately incurred the displeasure of your father."

"How so?"

"By telling the youth, when doomed to die, to demand a trial by Council. Kenaskee says I either told him wrong, or translated his words wrongly."

"And did great chief not satisfied to allow him a trial by Council?" cried Dunbrah, with flashing eyes. "Would he doom him to the stake without a consideration?"

"You see I am a prisoner for obeying you—that will best answer your questions," replied Langee.

"But Langee shall not suffer for obeying the Laughing Water's orders," replied quickly. "Dunbrah is sometimes a thoroughly of the Dark-Eye, and not of hostile, whose duty or pleasure it is to watch the action of those we have attended, or whose religious newspapers are not to be found in the Dark-Eye."

"Then you have been in the Dark-Eye, in the year 1853, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

height, began to address the spectators, who, during her conversation with me, had been looking on, with an air of eager curiosity, but evidently without comprehending a sentence that had passed between us.

I of course volunteered nothing but the most vague; but I watched the hour of the sun, and got from their looks an index of what would be the result. That examination. The first gratified impression was that of surprise, which was succeeded by anger, and finally by rage in the most distinctive kind, during which the cries of Dundonah was drowned by yells of fury, while knives and tomahawks were severally brandished with menaced gestures. Dundonah, proved and imperious as a queen on her throne, calmly withstood the storm of passion; and as soon as she could make her voice heard, again proceeded. Gradually the lost tumult subsided to low, deep mutterings; and the warriors, collecting together, seemed to hold a consultation; while I caught many words of reproach, one, with an expression that looked any thing but amity to myself.

Meantime the fire had completed its circuit, and the flames now roared and crackled around me; while the heat, being almost at the ceiling, now began to burn and blister my flesh rendering my position at the stake, to which I had withdrawn as the point farthest from the blaze, one of torture almost unbearable.

Suddenly the light, greater than that of Dundonah burst into the burning circle, and the next moment her knife had freed me from my bonds.

"Follow me!" she said; "but be compliant—be prudent—for even now the life of the Dutchess hangs in the balance."

It may readily be supposed I did not wait for a second invitation to quit my place of torture; even though I rushed into the midst of an assemblage of beings all thirsting for my heart's blood, or a punishment still more terrible.

Dundonah kept close to my side; and as the crowd pressed around us, with looks of savage ferocity and baffled cruelty, she waved her hand, and commanded them back, with an air of such calm, lofty dignity—such imperial authority—that none upon whom her dark eye fell, without piercing glance of intellectual fire, seemed willing to brave my displeasure.

Still the press continued: for though the crowd drew back from me compulsorily, as they saw me unarmed, yet no sooner was her eye off of them, than they came up behind, with menacing looks and gestures. The most ferocious of the assemblage, were, as before, the Brotherhood. I soon glared upon me like an enemy of beasts, and seemed terribly eager to revenge themselves upon me, both for the disappointment of their sanguinary expectations, and for the loss of their fiendish companion, who had fallen by my hand.

I kept my eye upon them as much as I could; well knowing they only sought an opportunity to take me unawares, and obtain some revenge by killing me on the spot, since there was no longer a prospect of my undergoing the latter.

Suddenly I felt a sharp pain in my side: supposing a groan, I told Dundonah I had received my death-wound. Never shall I forget the look of agonized horror which she turned upon me. All the expression of fiendish rage which the most moment distorted her beautiful features, a her eye fell upon an old hog stone by, who was in the act of brandishing a bloody knife.

With a yell of concentrated fury, which I can likken to nothing earthly, and which still seems to be ringing in my ear, she thirty bounded upon the aggressor; and in less time than it has taken me to record the fact, she lurked her tomahawk a dozen times in the breast of the assassin.

I saw this, but no more. My brain reeled, the earth turned dark—all objects disappeared—and I fell to the ground in a senseless condition.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Miscellaneous.

THE MORTALITY AMONG BEARD.—The bombache and whisker regulations, now in force in the Army of the United States, are, it is well known, exceedingly unpopular among officers and men. An effort also is making in England to restore the flowing beard to the expansive countenances of the infantry regiments, the relative being already mustached. The *Cincinnati Gazette* says: "The mustachio system still agitates military society. Men begin to feel ashamed of their smooth chins and upper lips. Consulting their mirrors, the young dissolve in themselves a degree of effeminacy resemble to the soldier, and the old enterprise whether they belong to the white-oil department of the softer sex. The burning shibboleth of the nearer race is still indignation at the approach of the rising steel, and each country-tree gentleman, as he grows from a slight dotage, wonders why we exploit a regiment of the mustachio or mustachio is not tolerated. The prose—superficial—has taken up the question in a becoming spirit on behalf of other classes of society; and as the arguments to apply with great force to the army, we find no obligation to our contemporaries for the indirect services. We know the rather an barbers tremble in their shoes, and talk wisely of getting up a counter movement. In we defy them—we laugh at their puny efforts. Nature said prevail. 'Nature and Nature-laws lie hid in night' at the present moment they did before Newton's time, but Lord Hair-dingo will one day say, 'Let mustaches be!' and all will be right. Nothing is necessary but but patience and courage." The *Edinburgh News* adds: "It is a notorious fact that regiments suffer less than regiments of the line from consumption. Their heroic and hairy taches act like a respirator, and the same law of reasoning applies with greater force to artillerymen. In the South of Germany—Bavaria and Wirtemberg, for example—where freedom is extensively worked, and where the mustaches are free-looking, mustache-lubbers, with large beards, such a disease as phthisis is unheard of. It is true that the difference of climate may be of some account here, but no more the greater need for having offer our recently-disposed population, who have certainly little need to shave close when they leave home indeed. We have only met with one instance where an Edinburgh man was philosopher enough to don the beard—notable for the amount of dust which he carefully removed every night—and which it is fair to infer was prevented from entering his lungs—who, in opinion, more than a score against the mustachio glories of the line—is still alive. On the contrary, says the "City Dirt," we may add the assurance of an officer who has long occupied a high post in the Civil Service of the Crown, that, in his opinion, both against the scorching heat of the tropical sun and the pernicious exhalations of the tropical night. We learn that the Secretary of War has published an Army Regulation authorizing the wearing of the mustache and beard, providing they are kept short.

THE DEAD ARMY.—In Kentucky, New York the other day, Paddy McLaughlin was found dead in an outhouse, and the Coroner's jury said his death of inflammatory, exposure, and want of food. Paddy's mother refused to bury him. They carried his home plaster him in a rough board coffin, and put a cloth wet in whiskey over his face, to keep him from spotting, as they said, when he should be *and opened the wake*. Not liking his quarters reading plaster, he rose and cut of it, and his first inquiry was for a drop of whiskey, and to take the hair out of his mouth. Paddy is now highly indignant at the nefarious attempt to be considered dead, and buried, without leave. This curious incident reminds one of the characters in the song of the "Child from Gotham town."

"Be the fire and iron gentleman as was and no spare a spot,
With had a dozen coolers at his home, and lots of them dozen more or one wont be lost;
But when it came to bury me, the coolers I couldn't stand it my longer—so he rang the bell.

"And worn such maple fine staff as that a gentleman can't stand that! So he had a soft word or two to be dead.
Oh fine fine cold-inch gentleman it was master like to kill!

WEBSTER'S QUARREL DISCREDITED.—J. S. Preston, Secretary of the American Board writing from Bombay, West Africa, July 17 1843, says—When in College, fighting to way with pewters, took by both. I felt that I could not do without Webster, and now, alone, near one hundred miles further in the wilds of unexplored Africa, I find Webster an indispensable male means in reducing to writing a barbarous dialect, and translating what it related and Christian ideas."

BEARING FRUIT.—It is said to be proved by statistics that more deaths and serious accidents annually result from the use of "burning fluid" in the United States, than from steamboat explosions and railroad accidents combined. Professor Silliman says that, if his word were law, there should never be another drop of it used in the ordinary lamps now kept in shops and families.

"Cherry in the top of Beauty,
Squash in the bow of Love,
With by the bed, and then will see
The other one follow thee."

☞ A gentleman travelling in Ireland, said to a very impertinent beggar, "You have lost all your teeth." The beggar quickly answered, "Och it's time I'd parted with 'em, when I'd nothing for 'em to do."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1856.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2. if paid in advance—$1. if paid in advance. For Club reference, one copy is sent three years. We now have a rapidly increasing list true to Clubs to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, for $5 00 Per Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $10 00 "
12 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $15 00 "
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $20 00 "

Arrangements to Curtis—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will have their subscription to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Specimens was forwarded to persons in such Club, and at one and the same time, and then commence with them.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Col. Stanley of Kentucky, seeing for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently. All persons wishing Specimens of us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

h. s.

OUR NOVELETS.

As we send our Prospectus, on account of the crowded state of our columns, we may state, for the benefit of strangers who chance to see this number of the Post, that we are about to finish, or before the expiration of Mr. Beckett's novelet of

CLARA MORELAND,

as circumstances may determine, commencing an original novelet, by Mrs. Lee Hentz, to be called

MISS TRUSA'S SPINNING WHEEL.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet, we expect to publish a story called

A STRAY PATCH FROM AUNT BY MRS. FANNIE D. GAGE.

well known to Western readers as the author of certain interesting homely-bold sketches, long published and read, but by another novelist from Mrs. Southworth, to be called

THE LOST HEIRESS;
A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

In addition to the above attractions, we are indebted by Grace Greenwood to announce a series of

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

Grace expects to spend the greater part of the Winter in Rome, and our readers may anticipate a graphic pen of the Eternal City, its women and society she may meet in that famous city and the adjacent portions of Italy.

Of course, the usual Miscellany of the paper, in the shape of selected stories, sketches and essays, from the English magazines, general and political news, &c., shall not be neglected.

BEARD AND MUSTACHE.

We refer the reader to an article in our historical department, from the *Cincinnati Gazette*. We confess ourselves to a participation in the popular aversion with which we look on a beard, though we must admit that the main argument in their favor is a very strong one. Nature, we think, never gives anything in vain. And the fact of man having been gifted with a beard, is a strong argument in favor of its retention on the face to grow. We may prune and regulate nature, but not extirpate it. Thus we leave our male readers growing beards at pleasure or length, but we do not trust them out. We cut the hair on the head, but we do not shave it off. The Chinese, and our own Indians, shave their heads with a slight exception; but we consider it not only ugly that the former should shave the hair on the head but in opposition to nature.

Now the practice of shaving the face is almost as much a peculiarity of the British and American, as the shaving of the head is of the Chinese and the Indians. Even with the British, it is a modern practice, and is confined to the English nations exception of Russians. And yet some of our old-fashioned folks, who perpetually decry all that is modern, profess to be guided entirely in matters of taste by the old fashions.

As to the use of the beard, we have spoken in part, in the raising of whiskers, we are inclined to think that on the chest, will prevent consumption, and under the chin, forms a boon-house to the throat. To the former objection, on the fact that the female sex has no beard, we may answer that perhaps the superior privileges of the female sex is granted as it ought to be—may answer the same purpose as the head and whiskers of the male.

One of the strongest arguments against shaving the face with hair, is its preventing the free use of the razor. And this brings us to the other portion of the text, from being an unsightly mess. We think there a great objection to the use of the razor, and have observed up the thin of many of the hardest foreigners with the face as almost vanished. Add to this the burn on the same side, at the difficulty of using it to closely understand between the rows of stubbing or burning hair. Black moustaches, tinged with grease of milk, are perhaps among the most disgusting spectacles in a land always exercising the divinity of our youthful admiration—as for beard-dressing, we leave that of pork and beans. Really, mustaches ought to be almost necessary to the preservation of life, for we have to advocate them with the reason of a smiley of greasy frogs before us.

And long, we will be told, the razor should be compelled to give up the reason of mustaches. We have now in our family's eye, an amiable young gentleman of the Brotherhood, whose countenance—indeed almost to death"—we can what he is by the gaping of a large mouth of his mustache upon the line which divides the blood lips. He kept smoking them hour after hour, and yet they remained as they were, and as stiff—pull and they evidently were the growth of nature, and not pasting glue in the shape of the vocation. Whether a plentiful use of

"The incomparable oil Macassar"

would have obviated this difficulty, we are unable to say.

Then, even if we abandon the mustache, we shall stick to the beard—to the beard, if to practice—especially during the winter months.

The Patriarchs, and all the good men that stand in the Old and New Testaments were bearded—and the latter is taught to all—that beard is given, in conformity with the custom of the nation to whom he was sent. In fact shaving the face, taking the history of all nations, in all periods, into consideration, has been the exception, and not the rule.

Shaving is undoubtedly a great nuisance—a great waste, shaving the face, and, for all we know, predisposing to consumption, by the daily sight of shiny razors, to thoughts of suicide and murder. Now, the mustache, to be used effectually to prune off the luxuriance of the beard, is a rightly ministered. It would be dangerous to trust the wives of some men with a razor—considering what besides their husbands sex—but the scissors is a safe weapon, and it might be well to add the art of trimming beards to the other accomplishments of our young ladies. But this is a consideration we shall not enter upon, until we feel our ground mentally. The advocates of beards must be careful how they say aught which might array the female sex in opposition to the "industrial classes" against their proposed reform.

At present, therefore, we are rather inclined in favor of the use of the mustache, and the beard. Let the thing be tried gradually—let the hair grow—experiment. Yes, we must make its way, during the cold weather, over a considerable proportion of the cheeks and chin. We would not counsel the use to the wisdom of consumers, but if our grandfathers knew more than they possibly can know, their grandchildren—who were beard wearers—must have known more than them. And so we may rest up the fact of ancestry to whom we undoubtedly are bound his hair to grow in all the wild magnificence of primeval nature. Yes, we must conclude in favor of allowing the growth of hair upon the face—at least in theory—in modern fashion and custom.

COLONIZATION.

The 80th Anniversary of the American Colonization Society was held in Washington on the 18th. The room was densely thronged with ladies and gentlemen, including the Judges of Congress, Judges of the Supreme Court, Members of Congress, and the Diplomatic corps. President Pillsbury occupied a seat on the platform. The attendance of delegates from various parts of the country was larger than at any former period, numbering upwards of forty. It appears from the Annual Report, that during the last year, six vessels were sent to Liberia, carrying out 600 colored persons, 405 of whom were liberated. The receipts during the year cleared their freedom, through their own efforts, or those of friends, $20,000.

The leading and principal address of the evening was made by the Hon. Edward Everett, ex-Governor of State. It was in substance a forcible of interesting facts, clothed in eloquent language. He said that the great object in view was proving that the African race was capable of a high civilization, and that the regeneration of Africa was to be brought about by the return of the descendants of the African race to the colonies from the United States. He refuted the charge that colonization in Africa is a mere the abode of utter barbarism—quoting from Mungo Park to sustain his assertion. He said:

I think it may be averred, without exaggeration, that, degraded as are the misery millions of Africans, mostly heathen, in the interior, of which each country contributes her quota, not one of them is in a worse condition, as to the means of civilization, than the Africans of the United States. The difference is immense, and all degrees of culture, up to the very highest, are within the reach of the African race in Liberia, according to our standard, but attained a high degree of civilization and refinement, but if obvious causes for this can be found in the circumstances of their history, it is scarcely incapacity. But all doubts of the capacity of the African race for self-government, and of their improvement under favorable circumstances, are set at rest by the history of the Republic of Liberia. Its progress, during the last ten years, both in our own country and in Europe, has been rapid, and notwithstanding the disadvantages of their condition, they have already attained a considerable ability, the talent of writing and speaking, eagerly find opportunity for the use of their mechanical arts, for accounts, for the ordinary business of life, and for the conduct of affairs, exhibited by any colored brethren which would do discredit to the Anglo-Saxon race. Paul Cuffee, well recollected in New England, was a person of great energy. He was a native African slave—his mother an Indian, of the Ellsworth tribe, Massachusetts. He was already alluded to the extraordinary attainments of Abdu-rahaman—a man of better natural endowments than any appearance I never saw. The learned Blacksmith, of Alabama, now in Liberia, has attained a celebrity scarcely inferior to that of his white namesake. Dr. Hall, a colored physician, I frequently attended at the examinations of the school in Cambridge, at which Professor Pierce was a pupil. Two youths from Georgia, and a son of the late Governor Buchanan of Tennessee was a born slave to Monticello, and my recollection of one of the boys, the grandson of the lord scholar—perhaps the best Latin scholar—in his class. These are instances of intellectual ability, afforded under discouraging circumstances, of what the free-born race of Africa, the success of Liberia the creation of a new race, and the hope of the future of the whole continent.

In relation to the fact that the African race has not broken from the chains of barbarism during five thousand years, Mr. Everett urges that the Anglo-Saxon race was for centuries in a savage state for four thousand, and, in the great changes of Providence, a thousand years are but as one day. Said Mr. Everett:

A little more than ten centuries ago, and our own ancestors were in a condition similar to that of some of the African tribes of the present day. Their religion, their laws, their habits of life, their arts, their dress, their food, their dwellings, their modes of warfare, their very physical appearance, were all the same. Their forefathers, like those of the Africans, were all worshippers of Odin, and Thor, and Woden, and Freya, and Seater, and Hela, and Valhalla, and Walhalla, and all the rest of the Scandinavian mythology. Their dress was the skin of the wolf or the bear, their food was the flesh of the horse, their dwellings were the rude hut of the forest, their arts were those of the chase, their laws were the customs of their tribes, their religion was the worship of Odin and Thor. Their physical appearance, their habits of life, their arts, their dress, their food, their dwellings, their modes of warfare, their very physical appearance, were all the same. Their forefathers, like those of the Africans, were all worshippers of Odin, and Thor, and Woden, and Freya, and Seater, and Hela, and Valhalla, and Walhalla, and all the rest of the Scandinavian mythology. Their dress was the skin of the wolf or the bear, their food was the flesh of the horse, their dwellings were the rude hut of the forest, their arts were those of the chase, their laws were the customs of their tribes, their religion was the worship of Odin and Thor.

VEGETABLE DIET.

A forlorn correspondent of the "Water-Cure Journal," who has been confining himself to a purely vegetable, or Nebuchadnezzar diet, for the last twelve or fifteen years, writes as follows:—

How you ever happen a person, in ordinary health, to be injured by abstaining from flesh, and using no other vegetable diet? The common say of my making the last inquiry is, that I have a dyspeptic stomach—"digestive disease" against their proposed reform.

At present, therefore, we are rather inclined in favor of the use of the mustache, and the beard. Let the thing be tried gradually—let the hair grow—experiment. Yes, we must conclude in favor of allowing the growth of hair upon the face—at least in theory—in modern fashion and custom.

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I think it may be averred, without exaggeration, that, degraded as are the misery millions of Africans, mostly heathen, in the interior, of which each country contributes her quota, not one of them is in a worse condition, as to the means of civilization, than the Africans of the United States. The difference is immense, and all degrees of culture, up to the very highest, are within the reach of the African race in Liberia, according to our standard, but attained a high degree of civilization and refinement, but if obvious causes for this can be found in the circumstances of their history, it is scarcely incapacity. But all doubts of the capacity of the African race for self-government, and of their improvement under favorable circumstances, are set at rest by the history of the Republic of Liberia. Its progress, during the last ten years, both in our own country and in Europe, has been rapid, and notwithstanding the disadvantages of their condition, they have already attained a considerable ability, the talent of writing and speaking, eagerly find opportunity for the use of their mechanical arts, for accounts, for the ordinary business of life, and for the conduct of affairs, exhibited by any colored brethren which would do discredit to the Anglo-Saxon race. Paul Cuffee, well recollected in New England, was a person of great energy. He was a native African slave—his mother an Indian, of the Ellsworth tribe, Massachusetts. I have already alluded to the extraordinary attainments of Abdu-rahaman—a man of better natural endowments than any appearance I never saw. The learned Blacksmith, of Alabama, now in Liberia, has attained a celebrity scarcely inferior to that of his white namesake. Dr. Hall, a colored physician, I frequently attended at the examinations of the school in Cambridge, at which Professor Pierce was a pupil. Two youths from Georgia, and a son of the late Governor Buchanan of Tennessee was a born slave to Monticello, and my recollection of one of the boys, the grandson of the lord scholar—perhaps the best Latin scholar—in his class. These are instances of intellectual ability, afforded under discouraging circumstances, of what the free-born race of Africa, the success of Liberia the creation of a new race, and the hope of the future of the whole continent.

In relation to the fact that the African race has not broken from the chains of barbarism during five thousand years, Mr. Everett urges that the Anglo-Saxon race was for centuries in a savage state for four thousand, and, in the great changes of Providence, a thousand years are but as one day. Said Mr. Everett:

A little more than ten centuries ago, and our own ancestors were in a condition similar to that of some of the African tribes of the present day. Their religion, their laws, their habits of life, their arts, their dress, their food, their dwellings, their modes of warfare, their very physical appearance, were all the same. Their forefathers, like those of the Africans, were all worshippers of Odin, and Thor, and Woden, and Freya, and Seater, and Hela, and Valhalla, and Walhalla, and all the rest of the Scandinavian mythology. Their dress was the skin of the wolf or the bear, their food was the flesh of the horse, their dwellings were the rude hut of the forest, their arts were those of the chase, their laws were the customs of their tribes, their religion was the worship of Odin and Thor. Their physical appearance, their habits of life, their arts, their dress, their food, their dwellings, their modes of warfare, their very physical appearance, were all the same. Their forefathers, like those of the Africans, were all worshippers of Odin, and Thor, and Woden, and Freya, and Seater, and Hela, and Valhalla, and Walhalla, and all the rest of the Scandinavian mythology. Their dress was the skin of the wolf or the bear, their food was the flesh of the horse, their dwellings were the rude hut of the forest, their arts were those of the chase, their laws were the customs of their tribes, their religion was the worship of Odin and Thor.

THE LOVE OF POLITICAL KNOWLEDGE.—Something recently must have come over our esteemed and venerable friend, Mr. Cass, of Michigan. Last session of Congress, we were able to agree with him pretty generally; but he seems to have turned a new leaf of late. We hope the *unanimous* cry of "old fogey" has had no effect upon him—and that he has not set out with the design of showing that he can say and do as absurd things as the wildest champion of "progress" himself. Last session he objected to the Pacific Mail Steamer—because it was not a higher class Mogul. General—Scott's pet—at rank 5—Colonel Benton—Senator—heading house—Running into debt of fifteen millions people to tell lies. This made a great stir, say, "Lying cities are very unhelpful. Now, we are informed by a credit you may think little of payment, but credit. have better memories than debtors—long a superstitious sect, great observers of days and times.

☞ A congee-ed of large size, thirteen feet in length, and of proportionate girth, was recently caught in the mud of the Thames. About fourteen years ago, an eel of the same kind was caught by some ballast-getters, but such captures are very unfrequent.

☞ Professor Wilson is not dead. He will live to write many more delightful essays, and will not have much cause to complain, at the notice on this side of the Atlantic have been highly and generously noticed.

☞ A failure took place recently in Philadelphia, in which the liabilities were $150,000, while the assets of the concern consisted of a stock of goods, which cost $12,000, and a subscription for $200,000. The parties engaged in the business had been in the habit of purchasing goods from the Atlantic ports to the Pacific $40 a revenue by the thousand, and larger importations of foreign dutiable goods will be worth more than $40,000, in addition to the corresponding increase of receipts into the national treasury.

The repeated and disastrous conflagrations at the principal port of the Pacific, destroying millions of property in foreign goods, tended to the same result, and finally to the present failure. The channels of trade, however, having once been established, and filled with a vein of fashion will suit California and Australia; but the expensive system of jobbery in the boundaries of our own country, will follow the usual course of enterprises. Where there is much easy in trade, and a corresponding increase of the facilities of exchange, there is always room for any honest Arab Reports, the views of the Department may be found somewhere; with the results which, in my opinion, may be expected. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. Lamartine always breathes a spirit of the old time—his narrative, and has a care for the poetic and romantic. He is therefore always to be read with interest, though not with implicit confidence. The present work is divided into twenty-four books, and embraces the history of the Girondists, from the rise of the Jacobins to the fall of Robespierre. It is profusely illustrated with portraits of the principal actors in the scenes, a large part of which are engraved on steel, and are very striking vignettes, or on tinted paper, and are executed in the highest style of the art. The publishers have also issued a cheap edition of the work, which contains everything except the illustrations.

THE WATERMAN NOVELS.—Published by A. Hart, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents. Four volumes of Mr. Hart's 25 cent edition.—The Waterman Novels, Vol. 1. Waterman Novels, Vol. 2. Waterman Novels, Vol. 3. Waterman Novels, Vol. 4. Published by A. Hart, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents. Four volumes of Mr. Hart's 25 cent edition.—The Waterman Novels, Vol. 1. Waterman Novels, Vol. 2. Waterman Novels, Vol. 3. Waterman Novels, Vol. 4. Published by A. Hart, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE. The February number of this popular monthly is on our table. It is fully entitled well engravings. There also is a portrait of Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, which, in our eye, does not look a particle like her. The literary contents are as follows: The South of Italy—Sketches of Travel—Lines to a Friend—Lines to a Friend—Lines to a Friend—The Lion's Bride—Lines to a Friend—Lines to a Friend—The Lion's Bride—Lines to a Friend—Lines to a Friend—The Lion's Bride

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1853.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 66 South Third Street, Philad'a.
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., are printed with despatch, in the most workmanlike manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

Congressional.

SENATE.

On the 17th, Mr. Miller offered a resolution, directing inquiry into the propriety of providing for the appointment of an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, for the State of California.

Mr. Clayton offered a resolution, directing inquiry as to the propriety of providing for the appointment of an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, for the State of Texas, and for the circuit thereof.

The bill to establish a railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific was taken up. A protracted discussion took place as to the proper mode of considering the bill, whether it should be taken up as a bill, or in respect to its details, as in committee of the whole, or in connection with Gov. Bolton Mr. Mason resigned himself to the fate of the bill, as the declaration made by Mr. Monroe, was made with the understanding that it should be taken up in that manner, and was intended to apply to the consideration of the bill. Mr. Bell moved to postpone the bill to the first Monday in March, and to take up and consider the special order for Wednesday next.

The Senate then went into executive session, and when the doors were opened, adjourned over to Monday.

On the 18th, Mr. Shields read a letter from the Governor of California, in reply to a letter from the Secretary of State, requesting information relative to the number of Senators and Representatives to which that State would be entitled under the apportionment now pending in Congress. The letter stated that the population of the State was 255,000, and that it was entitled to two Representatives and three Presidential electors.

Mr. Shields said, that if the 4 of the British annexationists in the House of Representatives, who had voted with the Democrats, would consider the Democratic party entitled to their votes, the Democrats would have a majority of 2 on the subject now under consideration.

Mr. Bell and Mr. Hunter debated the Senate bill, and the latter addressed.

On the 19th, Mr. Dane laid before the Senate the annual report of the Secretary of War, which was ordered to be printed.

Mr. Clay presented the memorial of Thomas Jefferson Green, praying a compensation for his services in the Texan service, and for his losses and sufferings while a prisoner in Mexico, which was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

Mr. Mason moved to take up the bill to provide for the speedy settlement of claims to land in California, and to limit the duration of the subject to be investigated by the Commissioners appointed by the Act of March 3d, 1851.

Mr. Gwin opposed the motion, as he thought it necessary to investigate a grant professedly to be made by the Mexican Government, which was known to have been made after the treaty of cession.

Mr. Mason said, that he might introduce the bill, but he was aware of the subject. He had no objection to the bill being made the special order for Monday next.

Mr. Gwin moved to amend it by making it the special order for Tuesday next.

Mr. Mason said, that he would not object to that.

Mr. Gwin then moved to make it the special order for Wednesday next.

Mr. Mason said, that he would not object to that.

Mr. Gwin then moved to make it the special order for Thursday next.

Mr. Mason said, that he would not object to that.

Mr. Gwin then moved to make it the special order for Friday next.

Mr. Mason said, that he would not object to that.

Mr. Gwin then moved to make it the special order for Saturday next.

Mr. Mason said, that he would not object to that.

Mr. Gwin then moved to make it the special order for Monday next.

Mr. Mason said, that he would not object to that.

Mr. Gwin then moved to make

Selected Poetry.

ALABAMA.

BY L. VIRGINIA SMITH.

The emigrant Indians, weary and dispirited, having crossed the river, the spot Chief stood his horse into the trunk of a great cypress, exclaiming: "Alabama! Alabama! *How the fresh-water sea-weed!*"

O'er the prairie Chieftainship
Came a weary emigrant,
In the sober Autumn twilight,
Toiling fleeting the campaign.

From the silvery Savannah,
And the rolling Chickasaw,
'Tis a wilderness they wander,
Find the footsteps of the free.

Through the pathless thicket wending,
By the great route up-hied,
Over dark ravines impending,
Rugged dangers of the wild.

Came the obedient and his people,
Baited hours and his bride,
With her dark eyes flashed and wild with fever,
And her red lip smiled with pride.

Not a note of martial music,
Shouded sound and sabre,
Mingled with the mourning thunder,
Of the rushing wave.

Not upon a bloody war-path,
Prompted in pain and phrase,
Signed their like a stream of sorrow,
Flushing through the forest gloom.

But a spell of haggard silence
Lay upon each warrior's brow,
As if each his dead heart carried
In a monumental urn.

For these haughty spirits driven
By an unrelenting fate,
Like a brood of forest vagrants
Left their eyrie desolate!

All the Orient is purpled
With an amethystine hue,
And the Western heaven slumbers
In its leprechaun blue.

From the sombre mists dark-rolling
On the bosom of the hill,
Breaks the sentinel of night-watch
Of the lonely whip-poor-will.

Hungry the dry canes rustle
With the yellow-throated wren;
And the wild wind-sough is sighing
Through the ever-moaning pine!

Sadly rust along the waters,
Mid the solemn gloom of night,
Resonate the mighty glooms of forest,
And the hemock's blasting light.

Underneath the lofty arches
Of the forest's rocking dome,
Rare a thousand deadly wigwams,
Round the chieftain's council home.

And the venerable mothers,
With his tameless soul of flame,
Guess the direct place a nation,
And the wilderness a name.

Where he, turning to his warriors,
Accented his closely speech,
Broke the spell of silence, saying,
"Alabama!—*how sea-weed!*"

Memphis Enquirer.

Pictures of Life.

THE SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY.

The sentimental young lady has a family-resemblance to the sentimental young gentleman, but personally they are as unlike as if they were no relatives at all. The coarseness and hardness of the masculine animal is entirely wanting in her. She is not melancholy, but severe. The nerve has restored his soul to imperturbation. His hostess his contempt and determines upon snubbing in the form of an advance. Knowing the passage of Scripture: Blessed and unreplied have to be is more for him, he rushes up to them belligerently, and tests them beforehand. These, however, are endurable by the force and excellent; but the loudness of his being is an immortal pang. Here it is that he is most hated by his fellow-men! Why is he a single, solitary atom in this tremendous universe, belong but to no system, and the object of no sympathy? If he cannot be loved, he will at least make himself feared: he cultivates an awful head of hair; and if his profession is intended to be a peaceable one, addicts himself, with stern resolution, to the mustache. He has a loud laugh; but he is an adept at the smile for which we have no name in our language, although the French indicate it by the word *esclaire*, expressing the alarming hilarity of a death's head. It is no wonder that the sentimental misories should drive him to take refuge in soda-water and Havanas, which he smokes himself among those castaways of the world who are privileged to have recourse, in their isolation, to intemperance and cither: repeating, will not the proud despair of a Fallen Angel, the Byronic illness.

Then the spirits that still float above the wreck of happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt, or ocean of extinction;
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points to Vein
The shore to which their shivered sail can never stretch again!

This young gentleman finds the world he defies an ugly customer to handle, and he is not the former with it. It knocks him about till he has no breath for expectation. His betraying friend helps him out of a spring-board, and he is left to the other, which is all one. He marries his unsuspicious love and discovers, to his consternation, that he has changed her into a wife. All his sorrows are finally rubbed off by the collision of time; likewise the hair from the crown of his head. He becomes fond of ease and long stories and sipping chairs. He grows gouty and obese; he dies, and is buried.

The sentimental young lady is quite a different person. She is more melancholy than severe, more plaintive than vituperative. There is a mystery in her coldness which piques the curiosity of others perhaps her own. She has various difficulties to struggle with in a world that seems to be made up of assignments between mind and matter. Her intellect to engender is kept down only by the conscious anxiety it costs her; and a distressing aqueduct forces her to all sorts of expedients. At dinner she will tremble you to nothing more than the side-bone of a chicken, "as she is not partial to animal food," and as she bakes enough cake of bread and butter before the company rises in to remove the sensation of hunger. It is to this delicacy of eating, in fact, that she owes the faint perfume indicated by Batty Cornaby among the sisterhood of beauty, but very far from the Byron alludes to as emitting of incest and butter. We admit, however, that there is some want of science betrayed in the young lady's proceedings on this point, bread and butter consisting in reality much nearer of the opposite principle than animal food; however, she does all this for the best, fattening, poor girl, to the crackling of her corned-cricket, and is the one to many pistol-shots fired by an astonished assessin at her parent. Another source of the tragic confusion to which her fate is liable. To spread the law of health over the pale sufferer's cheek, is a noble project of nature; and the opposite of it as far as pearl-powder and internal draughts will go. She is seldom contented with this, the color, banished from every other spot, lingering occasionally on her nose—a remarkable phenomenon, since she ever suggests abstinence from wine.

The sentimental young lady has a heavy equivocary correspondence, which, in fact, is the only part confined to a single individual. This is the serious business of her life. On coming downstairs in the morning, she finds a pile of letters on the hall-table like a bird of prey. At whatever hour she may rise, she is never earlier than she has learned to interpret the physiognomy of the postmen, between whom and her there is gradually developed a mesmeric intelligence. Sometimes he shakes his head, and says, "No, miss," when it appears as if he had designed to pause past the hooked-for letters into her hands confidentially, and pieces as as if relieved from a responsibility. What is the subject of these letters? We dare not conjecture, but we have a dim impression that their tendency to the apoplexie, and contain the true key to ever so much of the philosophy of life. But we must have patience and wait. Whether she will in the practice this young lady has of running her letters. This she accomplishes not only virtuously, but other diagonally to heal thereby containing the letter into a dense congestion of convolutions, as unintelligible as the Rosetta Stone would have been if in these inscriptions had been jumbled together. It was one invention, we may hint to those concerned, if a certain borough that shall be nameless, had not unaccountably rejected our proffered services in Parliament, to introduce a bill bringing this offence—at present reckoned a grave homicide—into the category of criminal misdemeanors, visited by lengthened imprisonment, bread and water, and the deportation of gas and lair.

The sentimental young lady has usually another illness, who resides in the next street. They have military walks together; they go to one another's houses at all sorts of odd times; they are always seen speaking to each other confidentially, and are never overheard. No one knows the nature of their intercommunications. When a third person approaches, they look at each other warningly, and are silent. Their private business follows them everywhere; and when they meet in the evening, they sit side by side, whispering in a corner of the room. They converse a great deal, too, with their eyes, exchanging the looks it is customary to designate as "knowing," when people don't know what it means.

It might be supposed that the sentimental young lady would be in love with the sentimental young gentleman who lives next door. She thinks so herself, and he is impressionable. His tenderness sets all right; and by degrees she will be his confidante and elevate him. This must be done before marriage; and there is no hurry. To be "engaged" in parallel, with marriage looking beautifully blue in the distance. She never would marry, if she could help it, but always be going to be married: it is so delicious to be in a continual nursery, to exchange confidences talks with him, and amazing cuss with his friend, and to hear people whispering about her as she issues from the room. She has, in fact, an instinctive misgiving as to marriage.

And no wonder: for that is the end of the sentimental young lady. No sooner has the magpie ring on her finger, than the ballet-dancing vanishes, and there are nothing above her but pianos, carpets, and milk and water. She abandons bread and butter, and takes without remorse to animal food and two glasses of wine. She drops acquaintance with the postmen, gives up her morning dress, and by-and-by rarely writes at all. Her friend feels that something has come between them, and colloquizes of her as second the entitled hero. She thinks, however, that he is impressionable. His tenderness sets all right; and by degrees she will be his confidante and elevate him. This must be done before marriage; and there is no hurry. To be "engaged" in parallel, with marriage looking beautifully blue in the distance. She never would marry, if she could help it, but always be going to be married: it is so delicious to be in a continual nursery, to exchange confidences talks with him, and amazing cuss with his friend, and to hear people whispering about her as she issues from the room. She has, in fact, an instinctive misgiving as to marriage.

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Few persons are aware, however, that no other firm was victimized as completely by another Yankee, as expert as the "Pigeon Express."

Colonel Du Solle and Hon. Mr. Florence were proprietors of the *Philadelphia Spirit of the Times* and *Keystone*, and were driving a pretty stiff newspaper team in those days. They were ambitious. In the meantime, as they were per natural tendency, thirsty on what the odd cent drinks, upon a good round compliment of careful of a waist, while the warm bee of health, subsiding from the tantalizing position it had taken up in her nose, diffused itself over her pale cheeks. Her delicate voice grew distinct and musically: and her laugh rings sharp and clear through the room. In the course of time, she has any reasonable number of children, or any unreasonable number; and the individual departed, declining to make any revelations concerning a Sentimental Young Lady.

FASHION AND DRESS.

At the present season Fashion is neither imperious nor exclusive. The fickle goddess confines condescends to every vagancy of taste and convience. In an assemblage of ladies, all equally well dressed, we may see one wearing a high cap crowned with flowers, with a long waist and basques; another may wear a drawn scarge, with deepest crossed in front, without a point at the waist, and the skirt ornamented with trimming up one side. Another corsage may be in the mezza-vatkin style, with basques at the waist, open in front, and showing (at times) the material of which the dress is made; either a gilet of white moire, or one of gros de Palermo embroidered in floss silk. Or, you like the look of this worked muslin, with colored silk lining, or, if for morning dress, nothing is more simple and elegant than a gilet of white pique, edged round with needlework.

Evening dresses for very young ladies are usually made with demure corsages, the waist straight, that is to say, with not a point in front or back. Nevertheless, the Watteau style is very fashionable, and is likely—but none so much in favor. These Watteau corsages are open in front, and display the stomacher, which is always ornamented with flowers, ribbon, and jewels, producing an effect at once rich and elegant.

A revere, forming a bertha at the back, modifies the formality of this style of corsage; a short trembling it bequeaths to the skirt, to insure to it the enjoyment of fashionable favor, distinguished Viscount Watteau. The corsage in Georgue is well adapted for the display of jewelry, as sprigelles or brooches may be conveniently fastened to the front of the waist, and in front of the bosom. For young ladies, however, pearls may be substituted for sprigelles of jewelry.

Another style of corsage, also much in favor for evening dress, may be mentioned. It is drawn, has no point at the waist, and has a high back. With the corsage should be worn a senture of ribbon, the ends flowing to within a short distance of the bottom of the skirt. For those extensive some very beautiful dresses have been introduced—the ground satin figured, in velvet flowers, or with beautiful designs in a variety of colors, like tartan patterns. In either there is a variety of forms. Some are right at the upper part, and just below the waist of the elbow there is a large puff, intermixed by a frill which falls as low as the waist. Another style of sleeves, just introduced in Paris, is also right at the upper part, which is covered with rows of velvet about an inch wide, running perpendicularly, and cut in points at the lower end, where points hang downwards, and give to the upper part of the sleeve the appearance of the epaulettes worn at the time of the Fronde. The under ends form another epaulette, which the under-sleeves are seen. Next in order comes the pagoda sleeve, which is more graceful than ever, because it is now made less wide than heretofore.

Finally, we must mention the monopetaure sleeve, trimmed with passementerie or rouleaux of velvet. This style of sleeve is usually worn without corsage: a bangle either open or close in front. The pagoda sleeve is, however, sometimes worn with this corsage when open. Mademoiselle a la Jaire is a very elegant sleeve, open in front, full dress, and suitable to ladies who object to short sleeves. It is cut sufficiently long to reach nearly to the waist, is wide at the lower end, and is slit open up to the back of the arm. By this means it hangs down in folds, and does not impede the motion of the arm. The Venetian sleeves are exclusively reserved for light and graceful, and is in general made in a style of sleeve to cloaks just introduced. It consists of rows of narrow lace ranged one over another, and covering the sleeve from top to bottom. This is a reminiscence of the Queen Anne's sleeves, which are also in favor.

Bonnets are still worn small, but the particular fashion shall not trench on the exercise of the taste. The front may be of any shape, according as it may be deemed becoming to the countenance of the wearer. If the front rises, however, outside the face, and the ends must fasten under the chin.

CRIMEAN MEMORIAL.—The arrival of a company of Chinese magicians and jaggers in California has already been announced, and it is said that their performances are to be given in the principal towns before seen. A correspondent of the *Lassell Van Pagoda* gives the following description of one of their performances:

"A plank sixteen inches wide and six feet high was placed at the back of the stage, and the juggler with knives coming around his head above or twenty feet in front of it. The knives were about seven inch blades, and four-inch handle, strong and polished. After playing with them for a time, nearly one minute, he threw them in a wonderful manner, he threw them one after another, fastening them firmly in the plank just behind his head. He then threw out, and another Chinaman took his stand before the plank, to reduce at the side of the plank, with his back across the board, and the juggler threw one knife above, and the other below it, as closely as they could have been pinched there by a machine, and finally completely fastening his arms upon the plank. The Chinaman then reached down and took out the knives in the same way, the knives standing firmly and the handles crossing each other. The Chinaman then reached behind his head, and quick as thought two knives were thrown, one from each hand, and on each neck, seemingly within one-fourth of an inch on either side. Such precision and daring was really wonderful, and the whole exhibition performance elicited unbounded applause."

EFFECTS OF COLD IN HOT LATITUDES.—It was necessary to be very careful with our drinking cups. The saucer raised, for it always adhered to the lips, and took a portion of the skin with it. A dog attempting to lick a drop of water from a cup, was deterred, much fast to it, and escaped in terror of his tongue, until by a sudden effort he got clear, leaving several inches of the skin and adjacent tissue on the cold metal. One of the women endeavoring to change the size of the eye of the spleen in his black-rope, put the sterling spice, after the true sailor fashion, into his mouth. He found was that he lost a great portion of the skin of his lip and tongue.—*Dr. Sutherland's Journal of a voyage to Regio's Bay.*

☞ The native assets of a recent bankrupt, were nine small children! The creditors acted magnanimously, and let him keep them.

Wit and Humor.

HAWKS VS. PIGEONS.

Some of our readers have, without doubt, seen a very amusing sketch, entitled the *Pigeon Express*, which appeared a little more than a year ago, in newspapers, from Maine to Louisiana, from the pen of "Falconbridge," whose productions are familiar to the American public.

The main incident of this laughable sketch is the using of a speculation entitled the "Electric Bird," sketch of Simmons, proprietor of the *Philadelphia Spirit of the Times*, at the instigation of a Mr. Craig, the present telegraph agent of the associated press in New York.

The said Craig was the Yankee who figured in the extraordinary speculation, which was of the *Ledger* sent a lot of pigeons, which were to be trained to carry messages from all parts of the United States to the *Ledger* Building, and thus enabling those enterprising newspapers to distance all competitors on the Magnetic Telegraph, at that time, being wrapped up in the convolutions of Professor Morse's brain.

Swain and Abell were for several weeks engaged in some mysterious experiments in connection with a pigeon-coop, erected on the roof of the *Ledger* office, and several hundred dollars were paid for the pigeons Representatives of both papers were on the premises, and the whole affair was the trouble to inquire of Swain, who is one of the sharpest and most enterprising business men in the country—the particulars of this affair with Craig, he will "acknowledge the corn," but will excuse, at the same time, that it was one of the other pioneers who was "done brown," during his absence from the city.

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Colonel Du Solle and Hon. Mr. Florence were proprietors of the *Philadelphia Spirit of the Times* and *Keystone*, and were driving a pretty stiff newspaper team in those days. They were ambitious. In the meantime, as they were per natural tendency, thirsty on what the odd cent drinks, upon a good round compliment of careful of a waist, while the warm bee of health, subsiding from the tantalizing position it had taken up in her nose, diffused itself over her pale cheeks. Her delicate voice grew distinct and musically: and her laugh rings sharp and clear through the room. In the course of time, she has any reasonable number of children, or any unreasonable number; and the individual departed, declining to make any revelations concerning a Sentimental Young Lady.

FASHION AND DRESS.

At the present season Fashion is neither imperious nor exclusive. The fickle goddess confines condescends to every vagancy of taste and convience. In an assemblage of ladies, all equally well dressed, we may see one wearing a high cap crowned with flowers, with a long waist and basques; another may wear a drawn scarge, with deepest crossed in front, without a point at the waist, and the skirt ornamented with trimming up one side. Another corsage may be in the mezza-vatkin style, with basques at the waist, open in front, and showing (at times) the material of which the dress is made; either a gilet of white moire, or one of gros de Palermo embroidered in floss silk. Or, you like the look of this worked muslin, with colored silk lining, or, if for morning dress, nothing is more simple and elegant than a gilet of white pique, edged round with needlework.

Evening dresses for very young ladies are usually made with demure corsages, the waist straight, that is to say, with not a point in front or back. Nevertheless, the Watteau style is very fashionable, and is likely—but none so much in favor. These Watteau corsages are open in front, and display the stomacher, which is always ornamented with flowers, ribbon, and jewels, producing an effect at once rich and elegant.

A revere, forming a bertha at the back, modifies the formality of this style of corsage; a short trembling it bequeaths to the skirt, to insure to it the enjoyment of fashionable favor, distinguished Viscount Watteau. The corsage in Georgue is well adapted for the display of jewelry, as sprigelles or brooches may be conveniently fastened to the front of the waist, and in front of the bosom. For young ladies, however, pearls may be substituted for sprigelles of jewelry.

Another style of corsage, also much in favor for evening dress, may be mentioned. It is drawn, has no point at the waist, and has a high back. With the corsage should be worn a senture of ribbon, the ends flowing to within a short distance of the bottom of the skirt. For those extensive some very beautiful dresses have been introduced—the ground satin figured, in velvet flowers, or with beautiful designs in a variety of colors, like tartan patterns. In either there is a variety of forms. Some are right at the upper part, and just below the waist of the elbow there is a large puff, intermixed by a frill which falls as low as the waist. Another style of sleeves, just introduced in Paris, is also right at the upper part, which is covered with rows of velvet about an inch wide, running perpendicularly, and cut in points at the lower end, where points hang downwards, and give to the upper part of the sleeve the appearance of the epaulettes worn at the time of the Fronde. The under ends form another epaulette, which the under-sleeves are seen. Next in order comes the pagoda sleeve, which is more graceful than ever, because it is now made less wide than heretofore.

Finally, we must mention the monopetaure sleeve, trimmed with passementerie or rouleaux of velvet. This style of sleeve is usually worn without corsage: a bangle either open or close in front. The pagoda sleeve is, however, sometimes worn with this corsage when open. Mademoiselle a la Jaire is a very elegant sleeve, open in front, full dress, and suitable to ladies who object to short sleeves. It is cut sufficiently long to reach nearly to the waist, is wide at the lower end, and is slit open up to the back of the arm. By this means it hangs down in folds, and does not impede the motion of the arm. The Venetian sleeves are exclusively reserved for light and graceful, and is in general made in a style of sleeve to cloaks just introduced. It consists of rows of narrow lace ranged one over another, and covering the sleeve from top to bottom. This is a reminiscence of the Queen Anne's sleeves, which are also in favor.

Bonnets are still worn small, but this particular fashion shall not trench on the exercise of the taste. The front may be of any shape, according as it may be deemed becoming to the countenance of the wearer. If the front rises, however, outside the face, and the ends must fasten under the chin.

CRIMEAN MEMORIAL.—The arrival of a company of Chinese magicians and jaggers in California has already been announced, and it is said that their performances are to be given in the principal towns before seen. A correspondent of the *Lassell Van Pagoda* gives the following description of one of their performances:

"A plank sixteen inches wide and six feet high was placed at the back of the stage, and the juggler with knives coming around his head above or twenty feet in front of it. The knives were about seven inch blades, and four-inch handle, strong and polished. After playing with them for a time, nearly one minute, he threw them in a wonderful manner, he threw them one after another, fastening them firmly in the plank just behind his head. He then threw out, and another Chinaman took his stand before the plank, to reduce at the side of the plank, with his back across the board, and the juggler threw one knife above, and the other below it, as closely as they could have been pinched there by a machine, and finally completely fastening his arms upon the plank. The Chinaman then reached down and took out the knives in the same way, the knives standing firmly and the handles crossing each other. The Chinaman then reached behind his head, and quick as thought two knives were thrown, one from each hand, and on each neck, seemingly within one-fourth of an inch on either side. Such precision and daring was really wonderful, and the whole exhibition performance elicited unbounded applause."

EFFECTS OF COLD IN HOT LATITUDES.—It was necessary to be very careful with our drinking cups. The saucer raised, for it always adhered to the lips, and took a portion of the skin with it. A dog attempting to lick a drop of water from a cup, was deterred, much fast to it, and escaped in terror of his tongue, until by a sudden effort he got clear, leaving several inches of the skin and adjacent tissue on the cold metal. One of the women endeavoring to change the size of the eye of the spleen in his black-rope, put the sterling spice, after the true sailor fashion, into his mouth. He found was that he lost a great portion of the skin of his lip and tongue.—*Dr. Sutherland's Journal of a voyage to Regio's Bay.*

☞ The native assets of a recent bankrupt, were nine small children! The creditors acted magnanimously, and let him keep them.

City Scenes.

STRANGE TOOTH. (*just beginning to make himself agreeable.*) "You are an Artist, are you not, Miss Greenhand?"

DAUBERRY, SEE ENCOURAGING YOUNG LADY. "No, I regret to say that I have no talent for that accomplishment."

THE AGGRIEVED YOUTH, SOMEWHAT SURPRISED. "Dear me, why our natural friend, Miss Tulip, told me that you painted!"—*Lantern.*

Selected Articles.

CUBIC MEASURE.

Few persons have correct notions in regard to this measure, hence make most erroneous estimates in their computations of size and capacity. Many suppose a cubic foot contains as the cabinet maker a bureau for our little girl. Others think one half as much as one foot. In ordinary size, and we agreed to pay him $6,50 for it. About a week afterwards he told us it was all ready, and that we must up and get it how we liked it. We did so, and were chagrinned to find it was about two feet square each square in front, and nine deep. The man himself looked very discontented, and we inquired if that was the article.

"I do not get enough for the bureau by one inch square in front, and the size of the large ones which I sell at $15.00."

"How did you calculate its size?"

"By inches half an inch more or less, as the common case; they are 36 inches square in front, and 18 deep, and 36 inches long." 18 inches square in front, and 9 inches deep."

"You assert then that this is just half the size of the large ones?"

"I do."

"Will I hold half as much?"

"It don't look as if it would, but I have nothing to do with that; it is not half the size."

"If I will hold half as much as the large ones, I do not get enough for it?"

"That is, I have not otherwise counted its value."

"I would it satisfy you to receive the same proportion of $15 that it is in size to the common bureau?"

"I would not enough to assent, and at our request wrote down the agreement; which we put in our pocket, immediately tendering him $7,62½, telling him the bureau was for our room right the size of the other, and the money was paid over without a word. The work was astounded, and the more so when we explained and exemplified the rule. As he was a poor man we took the bureau and paid the original price; but it was not worth half the money. It was a handsome piece of furniture, and as we expected each way was eight times as large altogether.

The affair made some noise in the town, and caused much inquiry about cubic measure. A number who understood the subject were referred to us, in speaking of it, that an almost precisely similar occurrence happened to himself that Fall. A neighbor living short of hay, the previous Winter, borrowed one of his stacks of us, to feed his horses with, and he thanked us. When he gathered in his own crop, he brought to replace what he had taken two similarly large stacks, and when the horses had fed over one he refused to receive it, and they will each be filled with corn. Stroke (in the first century of our era) speaks of cubic measure, and manufactured in Boston, on the Fremont Gulf; and Pliny mentions that the plant was found only in India, but in Upper Egypt, and says that the Egyptian priests used the cubic measure for clothing. In all probability Arabs brought the cubic inch of cotton into Europe. In the time of Mahomet the use of cubic measure was among them. Although there existed at a very early period a trade in cotton between India and Egypt, which took place partly by way of Constantinople, and partly by way of Egypt, the trade increased to such an extent that in the fifteenth century it was very limited throughout the middle ages. Cotton manufactures were introduced into Europe by the Saracens in the thirteenth century; at Venice in the fourteenth century; in Flanders in the succeeding century, and lastly, in England in the seventeenth century, (at least of stuffs in which cotton was the chief material) cotton manufactures were inconsiderable in Europe till after the middle of the last century. Few cotton goods were made in England, and most of these were imported from India and China. It was in itself impossible for the latter countries to pay to establish cotton manufactories in Europe, for the Indians and Chinese had brought those branches of manufacture to a considerable degree of perfection, the transport of the raw material from which to Europe was enormously increased in the price of the manufactured article, while the cost of labor is extremely low in India, on account of the cheapness of provisions, and the price of cotton is consequently very low. The cotton manufactures had risen to an extraordinary pitch in Europe, and, above all, in England; in fact, to such a point that it became, that, in spite of the low price of labor in India and China, which amounts to only one-tenth of the cost of labor in England, and in spite of the distant transport, no inconsiderable quantities of cotton stuffs are exported from Europe to India and China. In the year 1802 cotton manufactories to the value of one million five hundred thousand pounds sterling were exported from England to those countries.

☞ Here is a caution for farmers—How much more does it cost to support a thoughtless fowl, than it does to keep a pig!—*Exchange Paper.*

FEMALE PHYSICIANS.

BY FANNY FERN.

"The Boston Journal strongly advocates the introduction of females into the study of the medical profession. We consider the needle a much more appropriate weapon in the hands of most women."—*Boston Paper.*

Do you? Just suppose yourself a fortune, sole bachelor, in the upper story of some noisy boarding house. Suppose you don't own a grain of snuff whether you conclude to die, or get married. Suppose you watched that splendid in the corner weave his web, till you are quite qualified to make one yourself; suppose you have counted the diamond panes in the sky, and the shepherds and shepherdesses, distorted little cupids, and crooked trees, on the papered walls of your room; guessed your finger nails to the very quick, and twitched your mustache, till you've got into a chronic state of individual responsibility. Then—suppose just as you are at the last gasp, the doctor comes, gently, and amiable case a great creaking pair of boots, contained in a pair of trousers, across the room (you do frighten you into the churchyard), but a smiling, rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, nice little LITTLE woman doctress, hey?

Well, she pushes back her curls, throws off her shawl, (Venus, what a figure!) pulls off her gloves, and takes your hand in those little fat gents. *Holy Mother! how your pulse runs!* She looks at you compassionately from those wet blue eyes; lays her hand on your forehead, and then questions you demurely about your symptoms. Symptoms, eh? which owe without any of your help!) Then she writes a prescription with those dainty little fingers, and tells you to keep very composed and quiet, (just as if you could!) smooths the tumbled quilt—arranges your pillows—makes the darling sunlight from your aching eyes, with an instinctive delicacy that shows you are a woman; and says, with the sweetest smile in the world, that she'll "call again in the morning;" and so—the last you see of her is her graceful form through the door; and then you crawl out of bed the best way you can, and, in imagination, run over all the probabilities are that you have made a fortune—the impression! inwardly resolving (as you wriggle yourself down into the blankets) to get quite well as long as she will come to see you! And you do, and you have a delightful and lingering attack of *heart complaint!*

IF WORSE, I prefer prescriptions written in a masculine hand: don't submit my pulse to any thing that wears a *bonnet!*—*Olive Branch.*

SUNSHINE.

BY MARIA NORRIS.

Courage, faint heart! Why all these fears
And questions for the morrow?
Agar, we see, have many years
More signs of sunless sorrow!
God's greatest care is for the best
To beam thy dark threshold—
Love watches by the lonely breast
Though all their lane be shrouded.

One Hand holds up the stars that roll,
And guides the ocean,
He's love in cloud or starry soul
To watch the sparrow's motion.
Oh, not one slightest wee bird's
But He gives strength to help it
Can He be deaf to human prayer?
Who cause us each to share it?

Look up, not brooding! God is good
And cares for human grieving
His discipline is rapid food
To strengthen and relieve living!
Look up! 'Tis not under the earth—
Keep free a soaring spirit,
Clear only gaze thy body forth,
And thou shalt inherit.

Each hope and love are golden keys,
That heighten in the using;
Then with those dainty little fingers, and tell
Those every day confessing
Courage, faint heart! We all have fears
And questions for the morrow
Look up, look up! Beyond the tears
God's love meets out thy sorrow.

Ameriean.

THE HISTORY OF OUR COTTON PLANT.—Before the birth of Christ the cultivation of the cotton and the use of cotton for clothing was probably confined to a few districts among them. A celebrated historian, Herodotus, reports that the Indians had a plant which bore, instead of fruit, a kind of wool, of better and finer quality than which they made clothes; and Arrian narrates that the Indians made their clothes of the wool of the tree, which grew on trees. Other nations do not seem to have cultivated the plant at all times, or to have made use of cotton, and even, only exceptionally, as a rare and expensive stuff. Thus, it is asserted, that the priests of Egypt, for instance, spoken of among the Jews, was cotton. The growth of cotton, and its use, seem to have been diffused about the birth of the Christ. Strabo (in the first century of our era) speaks of cotton being cultivated and manufactured in Scinaia, on the Persian Gulf; and Pliny mentions that the plant was found only in India, but in Upper Egypt, and says that the Egyptian priests used the cubic measure for clothing. In all probability Arabs brought the cubic inch of cotton into Europe. In the time of Mahomet the use of cubic measure was among them. Although there existed at a very early period a trade in cotton between India and Egypt, which took place partly by way of Constantinople, and partly by way of Egypt, the trade increased to such an extent that in the fifteenth century it was very limited throughout the middle ages. Cotton manufactures were introduced into Europe by the Saracens in the thirteenth century; at Venice in the fourteenth century; in Flanders in the succeeding century, and lastly, in England in the seventeenth century, (at least of stuffs in which cotton was the chief material) cotton manufactures were inconsiderable in Europe till after the middle of the last century. Few cotton goods were made in England, and most of these were imported from India and China. It was in itself impossible for the latter countries to pay to establish cotton manufactories in Europe, for the Indians and Chinese had brought those branches of manufacture to a considerable degree of perfection, the transport of the raw material from which to Europe was enormously increased in the price of the manufactured article, while the cost of labor is extremely low in India, on account of the cheapness of provisions, and the price of cotton is consequently very low. The cotton manufactures had risen to an extraordinary pitch in Europe, and, above all, in England; in fact, to such a point that it became, that, in spite of the low price of labor in India and China, which amounts to only one-tenth of the cost of labor in England, and in spite of the distant transport, no inconsiderable quantities of cotton stuffs are exported from Europe to India and China. In the year 1802 cotton manufactories to the value of one million five hundred thousand pounds sterling were exported from England to those countries.

CLIMATE AND DISPOSITION.

Nothing is commoner than to hear persons talk of the warm blood of the South European, which is supposed to depend upon the warm climate, and to be connected with many outbreaks of passions. This is used to explain the bloody revenge of the Corsicans. But the Hindoo, who lives in a far warmer climate than the Italian, is brought forward as an instance of patience and unlimited endurance. But in the blood of the Europe from warmer regions, is noted for his phlegmatic temperament. In the Dutchman, more passionate, perhaps, still more remarkable must be the Norwegian or Scandinavian; and whence come the sanguinary vindictiveness of the Germans in Scandinavia, say, even in the cold Iceland?

It is imagined that nourishment possesses great strength, or more nourishing power, and a more warlike spirit, than the inhabitants of plains. But the contrary is supported at once by the Arabs, who live upon the camel's flesh, and are the most warlike people in the world. The Russian savages, perhaps, afford more numerous examples of obstinate defiance behind the cliffs of mountains. Again, but a man is not to be called more courageous because he has a good shield. The soil of Denmark, however, has not much claim to that character, and their animal nourishment is not much better than their animals. By him who has not been born among them, it can only be achieved by patience, and that acute, which they look upon as their own, the Legislature of the land, let a man of genius and of the British, but assert his supremacy at once by their borders of reserves and yelds give way, and his labor by stores a station at their side which a Shakspeare or a Newton would have enjoyed but by contrary."

ORIENTALIZED SEMBLE.—The chiefs to the fame of the Commonwealth, looked upon coupling and hemming in consonants of speech; and when they praised their sermons, noted in the margin where the pronunciation of marry. Hemmed. The practice was not confined to England, for Oliver Holland, a Cambridge famous orator, printed a sermon at Brussels in the year 1500, and marked in the margin where the preacher hemmed once or twice, or coughed.

ATTENDED IN ENGLAND.—A passage in "Moore's Life of Sheridan," brought to the notice by the present Chancellor of Exeter's own life, explains the anxiety of eminent authors in England, like Bulwer, D'Israeli, and others, to attend to the business of their political interests:

"The Bottling (Sheridan's about the year 1788) in the country of the grant, would only have attained by parliamentary eminence;—as a mere writer, with all his genius, he never would have been admitted *ad eundem* among them. Talents in literature or science, unattended by the advantages of birth, sang best to association with the great, but rarely to equality; it is a passport through the well-guarded portals, but no title to membership."

Oh, Britain! Britain! Thou art a noble nation, with many failings, but a man is not to be called more courageous because he has a good shield. The soil of Denmark, however, has not much claim to that character, and their animal nourishment is not much better than their animals. By him who has not been born among them, it can only be achieved by patience, and that acute, which they look upon as their own, by borders of reserves and yelds give way, and his labor by stores a station at their side which a Shakspeare or a Newton would have enjoyed but by contrary."

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For the Young.

THE SILVER DOLLAR; OR, HOW GOD PROVIDES.

The following thrilling fact says the *Protestant Recorder*, may be published and read with interest once every year. We have the pleasure of knowing the subject of the sketch; we have often been at her house. May the candle of the Lord ever shine there, as it has done in years past. Blessed is he that remembereth the poor. The incident is one of actual variety, and we leave it to the reader to draw the lesson for the reader. The writer, Mrs. Knight, is well known, and has sketched the incident most graphically.

It was a season of great scarcity on the hill farms of our native state. Many were compelled to give up their homes, and leave the country. Many were those who lived in a hut by the woods, had no bread for her little family. She was sick, and without the means of relief. There was no help but from God, and she beleeck herself to prayer. She had been accustomed to prayed to God, and believed that He who fed the young ravens would feed her.

On seeing from her knees one morning, her little barefooted girl opened the door to go out. Something shining on the step attracted her. The child stooped down, and beheld, a silver dollar! She ran and took it to her mother. It was new, round, bright, silver dollar. They looked up and down the road; not a farmer's wagon was in sight, and neither footstype or wagon-wheels were to be heard.

Where did the dollar come from? Did God send it? Doubtless it was from His hand: but *how* did it get there? Did it rain down? No. Did He throw it from the clouds to them? No. Did an angel fetch it? No. God has always reasons for answering prayer without sending a miracle. Sometimes He touches some little spring in the great machinery of *time* or *events* without in the least changing the laws of nature, and help comes. Sometime we do not *see exactly how*, as this poor woman did not: then it seems as though it came from Him; while in fact, *our all being taken care of* ever since the world began, *nothing* comes from Him only. He employs as many people to do it, fathers, mothers, servants, shop-keepers, that we may go to our work in peace, and He *seems* to forget.

But how *did* the silver dollar get on the door-sill? some boy may ask. It happened that a pious young blacksmith was going down the road on his errand of business. He had gone miles before he could take the stage-coach, so he walked on. As he was jogging on through a piece of woods he heard a voice from a little lonely hut by the road-side. It drew his notice, and he stopped towards it to listen. It was a woman's voice, and there was also the voice of prayer, and he gathered from the prayer that she who offered it was poor, sick, and in pain.

"What can I do to help this poor woman?" said the young man to himself. He did not like to go into the hut. He clapped his hand into his pocket and drew out a dollar, the silver dollar he must have—and a dollar was a big sum to him to give, he was not as rich than as he is now. He was going to buy with it what he could not have it. The dollar being silver, and likely to attract notice as soon as the door was open, he concluded to lay it on the step. It was a kind act; for he had behind a large rock near the house, to watch what became of it. Soon he had the satisfaction of seeing the little girl come out and find the money, when he went on his way rejoicing. The silver dollar came from the young man's hand for *this very purpose*, for it was not to remain there. He might have blown over, or the rain have washed it away, or the wind have carried it off—each would have been a miracle—but God, who directed his steps, *used* them. So God plans, and we are the instruments to carry on His plans. Often-times we seem to be almost our own leaders when we are about His, answering, it may be, His own prayers for others.

The young blacksmith is now in middle life: he has been greatly prospered, and gives away his thousands annually. He is a happy man: he has enjoyed giving more than when he gave his first silver dollar.—*Child's Paper.*

COMBUSTION.

Q. What *gas* is generated in a common *fire by combustion?*

A. Carbonic *acid gas*, formed by the union of the *carbon* of the fuel with the *oxygen of the air.*

Q. What is *carbonic acid gas?*

A. Only carbon (or charcoal) combined with oxygen *gas.*

Q. If a piece of *paper* be laid *flat* on a clear *fire*, it will not *blaze*, but *char*. Why so?

A. Because the pa